BLUE GRASS BLADE.

A. T. aPrker Sept. East Main St.

EDITED BY A HEATHEN IN THE INTEREST OF GOOD MORALS. *PUBLISHED WEEKLY; $1.00 A YEAR IN ADVANCE*

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Charles C. Moore
Editor

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"THE DAMNED STUFF CALLED ALCOHOL."

I believe that alcohol, to a certain degree, demoralizes those who make it, those who sell it, and those who drink it.

I believe from the time it leaves from the coiled and poisonous worm of the distillery until it empties into the hell of crime, death and dishonor, it demoralizes everybody that touches it.

I do not believe that anybody can contemplate the subject without becoming prejudiced against this liquid crime.

All you have to do is to think of the deaths—of the suicides, of the insanity, of the poverty, of the ignorance, of the distress, of the little children tugging at the faded dresses of weeping and despairing wives, asking for bread; of the men of genius it has wrecked; of the millions who have struggled with imaginary serpents produced by this devilish thing.

And when you think of the jails, of the almshouses, of the prisons, and of the scaffolds upon either bank, I do not wondar that every thoughtful man is prejudiced against the damned stuff called alcohol.

ROBERT G. INGERSOLL.

"Keep Church and State forever separate."—Grant.

"In no sense whatsoever is this government founded upon the Christian religion."—Washington.

"The divorce between Church and State should be absolute."—Garfield.

TRIED CHRISTIAN SCIENCE AND DIED AS RESULT.

Paducah, Ky., Jan. 27.—The first case in which Christian Science was called into question by the coroner here was the death of Mrs. Lillie Porter, who suffered thirteen months from consumption without a doctor. The coroner held an inquest. He learned that her family wanted one but she refused. A death certificate was then issued and no one was held responsible.

He Bought 51 Dog Fennels.

Carlo, Ills., Jan. 11th, 1904.

Mr. Jas. E. Hughes:

Dear Sir—Beg to advise that all books arrived in good shape, rather late, but please all who enjoy good square statements of even religious matters. Yours truly,

C. R. WOODWARD.

APOCRYPHAL NEW TESTAMENT

MAILED TO YOU FOR $1.00, POSTAGE PREPAID.

Handsome Old Gold Binding, Splendid Paper, Gilt Edge and 21 Full Page Fine Engravings.

CHEAPEST EVER SOLD IN U. S.

New York City, Jan. 18, 1904.

Charles C. Moore:

Dear Sir:—In answer to your postal of January 16th, will say, in reply that the retail price of my "Apocryphal New Testament" is $1.50.

I will, on this book make the low price of [illegible] cents net, that is postage and packing included.

The indicated price is the advance payment.

Hoping you are well, I remain,

Very respectfully,

PETER ECKLER.

This edition of the Apocryphal New Testament is easily worth $1.50.

When I bought one through a Lexington book store, some years ago, a perfectly plain edition cost me $1.50, and I had to wait a long while to get it. It was probably ordered from Europe.

But the Blue Grass Blade is working for the reputation of being the cheapest Infidel literature house in the world.

Peter Eckler & Son are the greatest publishers of infidel literature in the world, but while they have fine facilities for publishing they have nothing like so great facilities for selling as the Blue Grass Blade has, and therefore I can, and will, deliver to you, in part of the United States, this edition of the Apocryphal New Testament for **50 cents less than you can buy it from the publisher.**

Send me $1.00 and your order will be immediately forwarded to New York, and the book immediately mailed to you from there.

This is perhaps the most beautiful edition of the Apocryphal New Testament that was ever published.

It is bound in cloth of old gold color, on fine paper, and beautifully printed, the top edge of the paper being gilded, in the present fashionable style, the title of the book being printed in gold letters. It contains 21 full page fine engravings of famous pictures, by the old masters, of scenes in the life, real or alleged, of Jesus.

It is the same translation and edition that were made and first printed in England, by Archbishop Wake, and it contains his two prefaces to his two editions of it and all his annotations and references, and also an additional preface by Peter Eckler.

The title page of the book, facing a full page picture of "The Son of Mary" is as follows:

"The Apocryphal New Testament being all the gospels, epistles and other pieces now extant, attributed, in the first four centuries, to Jesus Christ, his Apostles and their companions and not included in the New Testament, by its compilers. Translated from the original into one volume. New York, Peter Eckler, publisher No. 35 Fulton street."

The book contains 287 pages, besides the two pages for each picture, and is 5½ by 8 inches, containing about as much matter as the Canonic New Testament now used in the Protestant and Catholic churches.

For the benefit of those who may not know exactly what the Apocryphal New Testament is I will make the following explanation:

The Christian church, while they were scattered believers in the divinity of Jesus of Nazareth, of an earlier date, was never put into any organized form until that was done by Constantine about A. D. 325.

At that time there were various books, all in manuscript, on parchment that told about the doings and teachings of Jesus Christ, and of his apostles.

There was great disputing among the Christians as to which of these books were genuine and authentic and which were fraudulent and untrue, and Constantine called together 70 prominent Christians to determine which of these books were true and which were false.

There is only one way given, with a little variation, that explains the process by which they determined which were genuine and which were false, and this given by Eusebius Pamphilus.

He says that these 70 men collected copies of all the books that were read as being sacred, in the Christian churches and piled them all on top of a communion table, and that they then kneeled and prayed that God would show which were the genuine ones, and which the false ones, by making all the false ones fall off the communion table, while the genuine ones would remain on it, and Eusebius says "And it happened accordingly"—that is that the false books fell off of the communion table while the genuine ones remained on top of the table.

Another version of the story is that those seventy men piled all the books together under a communion table and prayed God that he would show which were the genuine ones, by making the genuine ones rise and get on top of the table, and that "it happened accordingly" that the genuine ones getting on the top of the communion table—which table was probably then much longer than it is now—while the false ones remained on the floor.

In any event the books that were thus decided to be genuine were about half of the collection, and they were put together to make what is now called the Canonic New Testament, that is used in the Protestant and Catholic churches.

Those books that were then pronounced spurious had their friends and adherents among some of the small and unpopular sects of the Christians, and some were preserved, separately, but never put into any book form, until Archbishop Wake collected them, and translated them from the Greek into English and published them in this "Apocryphal New Testament" that I now have for sale.

The Archbishop says in the preface to his second edition that he had been charged with printing this Apocryphal New Testament in the interest of infidelity but he swears that he printed it in the interest of the Christian religion.

Whatever may have been the purpose of the Archbishop in compiling it, The Apocryphal New Testament is one of the most valuable of all books for the infidel propagandist or mere students, because it shows, plainly, how a Bible can be gotten up, and accepted by Christians as being true when it is all a fraud from start to finish.

Some of the stories of Jesus Christ and his Apostles in the Apocryphal New Testament coincide with those in the Canonic New Testament, and some are quite different.

Some of the accounts show Jesus to have been a very bad boy when he was at school, and they tell about Jesus fro mthe time he came back from Egypt until he was 12 years old and then take up the account of his disputing with the doctors in the temple, just as the Canonic New Testament does, though the Canonic New Testament tells nothing about Jesus from the time of his return from Egypt, where the Apocryphal New Testament says he spent three years, up to the time of his disputing with the doctors.

One of the fine engravings is of a dispute with the doctors, and they look like one of the "old masters."

The Apocryphal New Testament tells about Joseph and Mary and Jesus staying under the "Sycamore tree"—It calls it though it is not like our American sycamore—the same tree that I saw at Heliopolis in Egypt, and described in "Dog Fennel in the Orient," that is certainly very old looking, and that the guides, Christian, Jewish and Mohammedan, told me was the same tree under which Jesus slept one night when he was a little boy, and it must be so, for the tree is there now and I saw it.

It also tells about the miraculous spring that bursted out of the ground, next morning near that tree when Mary asked God to give her some water to wash Jesus, and I drank some of the water out of the spring, though Jesus had been washed in it—tasted all right—and got a number of pretty pebbles from that spring and sent them to different persons, all over America, who asked me to send them relics from the Orient.

Some of the Epistles in the Apocryphal New Testament are beautiful and contain lovely morals, though some of the reading and one picture are a little salacious, though nothing in it is indecent as we have in the Canonic Bible.

I think that, under the circumstances we ought to make a very large sale of this Book—up in the thousands—and I hope that those who buy it will write me for publication their opinions of it.

The book is indispensable to any complete Infidel library, and I am glad I have thus arranged to fill the calls for it that the Blade has had.

A. A. SNOOW ON ALCOHOL.

ouThe Lineville (Iowa) Tribune, has the following from Bro. A. A. Snow, a good friend to the Blade:

"Moderation is an old exploded theory for the solution of the drink habit. The saloon itself has now adopted that solution. It virtually says: 'Give us the moderate drinker and the old sots will take care of themselves.' It attempts to show that man has a natural appetite for intoxicants. That all savage nations and the apes and monkeys, abroad refused to have readily take to drink. This is true; but the conclusion is based on the false assumption that all things originated in perfection, and are perfect models. The new science of evolution teaches there is no perfection in the universe but we should look to the living future rather than the dead past for an approach thereto. These defamers of science would keep men in ignorance for the money there is in it. Herb eating animals on migrating to distant points sometimes have an appetite for and feast on poisonous plants which kill them by thousands. A number of generations evolute these animals—those that survive—into different beings, either having instincts that prompt them to refuse to eat the plants, or make them immune to the poison. Intelligence has prompted man to create alcohol. Intelligence must prompt him to desist using it as a beverage. He who has eyes to see, let him see."

Send in your order for Dog Fennel in the Orient. Second edition now out.

THE CLERGY

THE IROQUIOS THEATER HORROR AND THE PENNSYLVANIA MINE DISASTER.

Recently when nearly 600 people were burned to death in the Iroquois theater in Chicago, the clergy, Catholic and Protestant, said it was because God was opposed to theaters.

Now an accident has occurred in a Pennsylvania coal mine by which nearly 200 miners were burned to death.

Of course that means that God is opposed to coal mines, though he made them himself, and he killed these 200 men because they were digging coal for people to warm themselves when God had made the weather in some parts of the United States, 61 degrees below zero, the coldest ever known in America.

God wanted to have a little fun freezing women and children this time like he lately amused himself burning them up in Chicago and these wicked miners were trying to thwart the purposes of God, by digging coal to keep the people warm, and God burnt up those miners.

If there is an incorrigible hopeless brand of fool on the face of the earth it is the preacher.

NO LONGER BAPTIST INSTITUTION

University of Chicago Has Outgrown s Denominational Character.

Chicago, Jan. 28.—"The University of Chicago is no longer a Baptist institution." Almost in so many words President Wm. R. Harper announced to the senior class that the university has outgrown its denominational character. He declared that in the nature of its faculty, its students and its methods it had spread beyond its allegiance to the Baptist church. Most of the students and most of the professors, he said, were non-baptists. All the buildings on the campus were paid for by people of other creeds, he continued and [illegible]69 out of every $1000 kept that gift [illegible] by John D. Rockefeller, who was [illegible] contributed by people not members of that church.

"Religious denominationalism in universities," he added, "is now scientifically dead, and the fact that the University of Chicago has broken away from this class is an evidence of its mental progress. Denominationalism may apply to small colleges, but not to large ones."

SKY-BUSTER GOT MY TEXT.

I have been sent a newspaper clipping that begins as follows:

"At the Church of the Messiah, Twenty-third street and Michigan Avenue, Rev. W. Hannon Pulsford preached from Luke xvi, on the text, 'Make to yourselves friends of the mammon of unrighteousness, that when ye fail they may receive you into everlasting habitations.'

"Even the evangelists make mistakes," said he, 'and this is one of them.'"

For years I have been quoting that passage as a plain instruction of Jesus Christ to his disciples to make friends of men who had gotten their money by rascality, for the purpose of getting some of their money for the preachers and church, and it is the thing that is regularly being done by priests and preachers.

The man who had ruined more young men by teaching them to gamble, than any other man that ever lived in Kentucky, and who had made a large fortune by gambling, and was repeatedly indicted for running faro banks in Lexington, as published in all Lexington newspapers was when he came to die, baptized in a bath tub and received into full fellowship in the Broadway Campbellite church, purely to get a lot of his swag and they got it, and that church was plainly practicing that teaching of the scriptures.

On the day I write this the Lexington papers tell of a general onslaught made by the sky-busters of Lexington on the slot machine, where fools bet a nickel at a time, and at the same time every church in town will take any amount of money that they can beg from race horse men, the Lexington race track being the most demoralizing concern in the world not excepting Monte Carlo.

These same preachers will damn the saloon keepers for everything that is vile, and beg thousands of dollars from big Lexington distillers to pay these preachers and build their churches.

I have heard a great many sermons from many fine preachers, including myself, but in all my going on for years, that's the first time I every heard, or heard of, any man preaching from that passage in Luke xvi, and I have often wondered what they would say about it if they did preach about it.

When I was a preacher I was not fool enough to tackle it. But Rev. Pulsford has explained it, by saying that this is one of the "mistakes" that the evangelists made, meaning, I suppose, that Jesus never said it, and if there ever was any Jesus and he was a man of even decent morals, I suppose this passage is a libel against him, and that it has been put into the New Testament, by some rascally priest, or preacher, who wanted an authority for getting and using the money of rich old christian rascals.

When Bob Ingersoll wrote about "The Mistakes of Moses" that raised hell—abaloo, among the Christians and yet that was only about the old Jew part of the Bible that is not claimed to be binding on Christians but here comes a Christian sky-piloted says the evangelists—Matthew, Mark Luke and John—made "mistakes," of which this is one and we don't hear of any mule-like kicks coming from any of the brutherring of the sky-busting persuasion.

If these preachers are going to keep on preaching this Bible (I have no doubt they will continue to do as long as they can get pay dirt out of it, and if they want to be even half way honest about it, they ought to get out an edition of the New Testament that has all the places where the evangelists have made mistakes, printed in red letters, so that we will not be liable to go to hell like shot off a shovel, for believing these derogatory things about Jesus Christ that the evangelists have put into the New Testament through "mistake."

It's getting so that I don't know what to believe when I read my Bible

CLERGYMEN

Abandons His Pastorate Because He Says Women of His Flock Were "Struck" On Him.

Hillsboro, O., Jan. 25.—The congregations of the Christian Church in Lynchburg and Fairview this county, are without a pastor. The handsome young gentleman who has been looking after their spiritual welfare for the past few months has left. His name is James Burton Smith. He came to this part of the country last July. Finding that the flocks in the two places had no shepherd, he applied for the position. He was employed for one year beginning August 1 last. He said that he had come from Northern Alabama where he had lost practically everything he had.

Smith said that he had baptized a Negro in Alabama. This offended the members of his church, who, he said, threatened to withdraw their support if he was not dismissed. To pay for his goods to keep the wolf from the door The members of the church in Lynchburg advanced money to pay Smith's wife to that place and he was soon established as the pastor. For three months he gave satisfaction, the members say.

Smith sent in his resignation January 3, to take effect Sunday. He announced that last Sunday would be the last time he would preach. Before that time arrived, however, he had disposed of his household goods. On evening, in company with his wife, he quietly departed.

Rev. Mr. Smith is accused of having stated that some of the female members of his flock were constantly after him and that he could not make pastoral calls upon them for this reason. After he had left Lynchburg the officers of the church met to take formal action dismissing him, and a statement was issued for publication in the Christian Leader, the organ of the church. The charges allege "various offenses against the church and its members."

It is said that the Rev. Mr. Smith is a native of Newark, Ohio, and that for several years he has preached in various parts of Ohio, Kentucky and West Virginia.

GOD USES AN ASSASSIN

Some one has sent me a marked copy of the "Great Falls (Montana) Tribune."

An officer in a cattle and sheep company had been assassinated and a meeting of the company passed resolutions on the death of their comrade.

The marked resolution reads as follows:

"Whereas, It has pleased the Almighty Power to have made the hand of an assassin the instrument by which to remove from our association the presence of one of its active members, Mr. Paul C. Wagnitz, of Missoula county, and."

The party sending the paper has written on the margin "How God had him killed, and then they pray to let him rest."

That seems a little strange to unregenerate rank outsiders, but that is good orthodox theology.

The whole Christian religion would not have amounted to a hill of beans and we all should have been damned beyond a peradventure if it had not been for Judas Iscariot.

Jesus from big Lexington distillers to pay these preachers and build their churches.

I have heard a great many sermons from many fine preachers, including myself, but in all my going on for years, that's the first time I every heard, or heard of, any man preaching from that passage in Luke xvi, and I have often wondered what they would say about it if they did preach about it.

When I was a preacher I was not fool enough to tackle it. But Rev. Pulsford has explained it, by saying that this is one of the "mistakes" that the evangelists made, meaning, I suppose, that Jesus never said it, and if there ever was any Jesus and he was a man of even decent morals, I suppose this passage is a libel against him, and that it has been put into the New Testament, by some rascally priest, or preacher, who wanted

NOTICE.

On Sunday, March 6, 1904, the Blue Grass Blade will publish a complete list (alphabetically arranged) of the contributors and subscribers to the Rome-Congress Fund and for Dr. J. B. Wilson's book. The list will be prepared for publication on Saturday, February 27, and those intending to contribute or subscribe are requested to do so before that date. Those who have paid will be so marked. Address

MORRIS SACHS,
Atlas Bank Bldg., Cincinnati, O.

Get a copy of Dog Fennel in the Orient. Only $1.

SLOT MACHINES GET THE PENNIES

Sunday School Collection Said to be Menaced by Candy and Gum Devices.—Get Best of the Heathen

PLAN TO DESTROY PRACTICE.

The innocent looking penny-in-the slot machines—not the ones where the reward is a chance, but the kind that emits gum, small packs of candy, salted peanuts and the like—are said to be doing damage to the Sunday school collections. Instead of saving their imaginations, confess that it lands and the cannibal islands, to buy bibles and hire missionaries for the Hottentots, the youngsters prefer to drop the copper in the slot and get a dainty mouthful for themselves they seem to think that better than carrying it to Sunday school, whence their imagination confess that it goes to buy meat variety for the cannibals.

"We have taken to a system of keeping an account of the collections of each child in order to be able, at the end of the year, to show the record to the parents in the hope that they will discontinue the slot machine business."

Comment.—The above heading and all, is a newspaper clipping sent me, from some one to me unknown, paper.

THE BLUE GRASS BLADE'S NEW FOLDING MACHINE

Mr. Hughes has bought right new from the manufacturers, a folding machine that costs $215.00.

The Blade prints 5,000 papers, and until this time, it has taken three hands for a day and a half to fold the Blade. The machine, which is run by the electric motor, folds 2,000 papers in an hour, and therefore, the whole edition of the Blade is folded in less than two hours.

The manufacturers give him a year in which to pay for it. For a long while I have wanted to make some to have a folder, and if the Blade now needs any kind of machinery or appliance I do not know it.

The Blade office is, I suppose, the best equipped infidel printing office in the world and it is the best all round printing office that I ever saw, but did not cost more than twice the amount of money.

Mr. Hughes is not spending his money on the things that please the spiritual Kentuckian. He is spending it to further the greatest work that was ever undertaken by great and good people—the substitution of virtue and good morals and truth and honesty for the most demoralizing superstition that ever cursed the earth—the Christian religion.

Good men and women wherever they may be, should help him by sending their money to pay for the Blade at the usual rates—$1 a single issue and 50 cents in clubs of 5 and more the cheapest and best infidel union are the world ever saw or is likely to see, anywhere else, any time soon.

BAPTISMAL PARTY ON A FLOE OF ICE.

Philadelphia Telegram to the New York Herald:

Twenty-five persons in a baptismal party floated down the Delaware river today on an immense floe of the ice opposite North Cramer Hill. Camden. All were rescued.

The baptism was under the auspices of the Assembly of Christians, a new sect. Elder Charles Baker he see to conduct the baptism. A large piece of ice became separate from the shore and began to drift. Shouts of warning from those on the river's bank was the first notice the party had of their danger.

The men assisted the women to step from one piece of the ice to another, and all reached shallow water and were able to wade ashore.

Nothing daunted the elders decided to conduct the baptism. Elder Baker lipped Mrs. Margaret Clark, of 2839 North twenty-ninth street, the city under the water, but lost his grip on her. She floated almost under a large cake of ice but was rescued by John Cherry. She was then lifted out, so exhausted she could hardly stand.

(From The Adelpt.)

After reviewing superstition, Josephine K. Henry said: "How can the world be gulled by such gross superstition?" Our answer is, the same way that savages are held in a savage state—by natural law. This is why people will hold tenaciously to superstition against facts which refute it, and why so many seemingly intelligent people hold on to it; they cannot let go. This science should make all Freethinkers more charitable towards Christians.

CAMPBELLITE CHRISTIAN BANK CASHIER SUICIDES

A letter and newspaper clipping from Sigourney, Iowa, gives an account of the funeral of G. P. Utterback, who suicided in consequence of the disappearance of money from the bank of which he was cashier.

The funeral was conducted by C. H. Straw, pastor of the Christian church.

(From the Ram's Horn.)

WHEN AN ATHEIST ACKNOWLEDGES GOD

Editor the Ram's Horn:

A letter written by Mrs. Mary Benjamin on the death of the noted infidel Paine, calls my attention to an incident that actually occurred in this vicinity some years ago. The parties hereafter spoken of are well known to the writer.

There lives not more than three miles from us a noted infidel, who, at one time had a bad sore on one of his limbs. He had employed the best medical skill that he could procure, but all to no avil. When about to give up in despair some friend told him of an old physician that had recently moved into an adjoining neighborhood who was a specialist on sores of like nature. He decided at once to give him a trial and sent for him to come at an early date and see if anything could be done to relieve, or if possible cure.

The doctor came and took the case in hand, and after giving a thorough examination, knowing the afflicted man's belief, said to him, "Mr. ——, I can save your life, but will be obliged to amputate your limb."

The disheartened man said to the doctor, "O, my God! I never can endure that in the world."

To this the doctor replied with a gentle tap on his shoulder, "Your God, Mr. ——, I did not know you believed in any God." To that the sick man replied, "I tell you, doctor, when you come down to the depth of belief, there is not a man on earth who does not believe in God."

We believe that is a true statement.

A. C. B.

Some one sent me a copy of the Ram's Horn, a religious paper, having on its tab the name Thomas Duell.

I took a leisure time and read nearly everything in it. The only thing I found in it that was of any interest to me, was the above letter.

If Mrs. Mary Benjamin is going to do anything for Christianity she will have to get something fresher than the death of Tom Paine nearly a hundred years ago.

I would suggest to her for instance, the death of Ingersoll or Herbert Spencer, or of Leo XIII, where the facts are all fresh in our minds.

While it is true that some of the clergy are contending that Tom Paine was a Christian and a model man, we infidels, for the sake of the argument, will grant all that has ever been said against Paine, and ten times as much more as all true.

It is a fact that he never had any children, but we will grant that his last words were telling his daughter to die in the Christian faith of her mother.

[illegible] at Cincinnati started [illegible] when he said, recently, in the pulpit, that Ingersoll had suicided.

The "Ram's Horn" and Sister Benjamin ought to work that lead some, and give us something fresh and let up on poor old Tom Paine. "Poor Tom's acold," and nobody even knows where his bones are and he has no rich kin to take up for him. But Ingersoll and Spencer the infidels, and Leo XIII the Christian, all had money and plenty of friends, and Brer. Ram's Horn and Sister Molly Ben ought to ventilate that pile and show how cowardly the infidels Ingersoll and Spencer died and how nobly and triumphantly Leo XIII died. I claim to be an Atheist too, but, for God's sake give us something a little more up-to-date than the death of Tom Paine.

Now then, we begin on a fresher story.

"There lives not more than three miles from us a noted infidel," says the Ram's Horn correspondent.

This 'noted infidel' is probably living now, as the issue of the Horn—things in that paper are all "in a horn"—in which this occurs is of December 5th, 1903.

It seems to me that I never knew a Christian paper to have a story of this kind that was not a "noted infidel."

We little one-hoss infidels are beneath their notice. They only deal with the noted brand of infidels.

I thought I knew pretty much all the "noted infidels" in the United States. As far as I know there is not a "noted infidel" in America who has not at some time, written one or more pieces for this paper, but here seems to be a "noted infidel" who has failed to report himself to the Blade.

The account fails to mention the very important item as to whether the "noted infidel" had his leg or arm, whichever it was, cut off, and whether or not he died from the amputation if he died from the amputation it would be of interest to tell whether or not he repented and called upon Christ to forgive him, as Sister Molly Ben doubtless says poor old Tom did.

This "noted infidel," lives—Dec. 5, 1903—three miles from "US," but who US is, and where US lives is not given.

When we get down to the bottom of the page we find not the name of "US" but the initials A. C. B.

It is true that the writer of that letter may have been named Alexander Campbell Blacksjone, which would have been a fine, large imposing name but, some how, to us rank outside unregenerates it looks like the writer was afraid his name and address would not add anything to the force of the story, and he simply picked the first three letters of the alphabet, and had only skill enough in getting up a disguise to change their order from the ordinary "A. B. C.," that are frequently signed when men think a piece would be weakened by giving the name of the party who wrote it, and when he comes to giving his post office there are on the left corner simply two dashes ——, ——, like those and any opportunity to find out the truth of the statements is utterly precluded by the pious "Horn," as is common among Christian papers, in all such cases.

Then when we come to the name of this "noted Infidel," it is simply "Mr. ——," still no clue as to who it is.

A Latin proverb says "Ubi tres medici duo athei"—where there are three doctors you will find two Atheists—that is that two-thirds of the doctors are Atheists, but here is a case of a doctor who so far from being an Atheist uses his profession to preach a sermon against Atheism. But, prudently, the name of the doctor is not given.

The poor takes pains to say twice limb instead of saying leg or arm, either of which are shorter and more satisfactory than "limb."

I have been a newspaper reporter and any man who, under those circumstances, would have said limb, instead of leg or arm would have been regarded as a fool and unfit for his job; and when this "noted infidel" lived only three miles from A. C. B. it is reasonable to suppose that Col. Blacksjone must have known whether it was an arm or a leg that the "noted infidel" had cut off, as he must have heard, as he was living December 5th 1903, and must have had one limb cut off, as that specialist on sores had told him had to be done, unless the "specialist" was lying, in which event the story is not worth printing, for a physician who would shock a patient unecessarily by lying to him, in telling him that he would have to cut off his leg, would lie about anything else.

If Col. Alexander Campbell Blackstone had said whether it was a leg or an arm that the "noted infidel" had cut off, it would of course, make it much easier to test whether the Colonel was lying or telling the truth and that is the thing of all things the Christians do not want infidels to find out when Christians are talking about infidels.

It is an interesting fact in this connection, that the whole page, on which Colonel Blackstone's letter occurs is devoted to letters written to the Ram's Horn, and all of them except the Colonel's letter, have the post office address, town and State, of the writer, because there is nothing in any of the others that anybody would feel any interest in tracing out, to see whether or not it was true.

The Blade prints probably more letters written to it than any paper in the United States and there is not an average of one in a hundred that does not have the full name and address of the writer and if, in some rare case, some man—never a woman—asks me not to print his name, I nearly always, in a "comment" mention the fact and state that the communication loses force on that account and that the reader may take it for what it is worth.

The Ram's Horn is printed at 110 La Salle Avenue Chicago, U. S. A. No editor's name is given. It is thus fixed so that if the Horn blows a lie, you cannot pin it down on any particular man.

The whole letter is nothing but a specimen of the twaddle with which religious newspapers are filled, and whether true or false is a matter of no moment except as it bears on the character of Christian journalism, and in that it is important.

I [illegible] that [illegible] thousand people will read what I am saying. Out of these ten or twelve thousand there will probably be from five hundred to one thousand Christians who will read this, and of these 500 or 1,000 Christians who will read this there will probably be as many as twenty-five Christians in Chicago who will see it, including everything connected with the publication of the Ram's Horn.

I say here plainly that I believe that whole story is a lie, and was believed to be such by the manager, or managers of the Ram's Horn, when they printed it.

This paper, the Blade, has been sold by Rowell's Newspaper Directory of New York City, to have the largest circulation of any of the nineteen Infidel publications in America and if any "noted infidel" had had a limb amputated, in America, and had been living on December 5th, 1903, I would probably know something about it, for it is my job to know about "noted infidels."

I say now that from different sources there will probably be a dozen copies of this paper sent to the Ram's Horn, with this piece marked in it, the Ram's Horn will never dare to try to prove that it told the truth in that statement, and I hereby charge the Ram's Horn with having lied until it makes at least some effort, in reply to this piece to prove that it at least tried to tell the truth.

The Blade among infidels is a much more "noted Infidel" exponent than the Ram's Horn is among Christians, and the Blade has to waive its rank to notice such a paper as the Ram's Horn at all, but I am willing to do this to expose the Christian paper, which is of sufficient importance to justify that, and until the Ram's Horn sustains itself, in this matter, I believe it has wilfully lied, and challenge it to try to clear its skirts of the charge, and the chances are ten to one that it will swallow the suspicion that it has lied rather than try to prove what it has said.

(From Pink Iconoclast)

BEAUTIFUL.

One of the rotten hatches served up to children in the past fifty years by the religious lunkheads is the following from a catechism. The poor kids were compelled to commit it to memory and like a parrot give the correct answers or get a little hell hot into or out of them as the case might be by the religious parents:

"Where is hell?"

"Under the earth—a place of darkness.

"Who live in hell?"

"The devil, his angels, and bad men."

"What do they do in hell?"

"They curse God and sin continually."

"Do you deserve to go to hell?"

"I do."

And every little liar had to admit that he deserved to go to such a place simply because an all-wise, loving kind, and big he personal God had made the place, and then made the kid for the sole purpose of chucking him into it. Such stuff makes me tired, and causes me to doubt the mental capacity of religious cranks. Don't it you.

LYING TO GOD'S GLORY

To the Editor of Blue Grass Blade:

Dr. Wilson's recent letter entitled: "Defamers of the Dead," in which he sternly arrays that pulpit lily (?) Rev Francis Through, and surrounds him with the doubtful fragrance of falsehoods willful and malicious, comes to every lover of the truth with a spice of sadness mingled with that of pleasure. Sad indeed when we contemplate the fact that our chief liars in defaming dead infidels, however noble such lives may have been, are among those who ear niheir bread in the pulpit, a sad commentary if not an acknowledgement that the Christian religion is driven to desperate straits in offering such old wormy "ebenut nuts" as a part of that "stock in trade" which they display in making converts and keeping them "lined up." Alas! to the "straight and narrow way" that it should be Through (ed) with such.

We are told that there is "no fool like the foolhardy," and when Rev. Through in his address before the Y. M. C. A. tells them that "Col. Ingersoll committed suicide" the finger of scorn will point the Reverend gentleman as the most "foolhardy" of all liars and defamers thus far of the late Ingersoll, and relegate him to the dunce block with paper cap and all complete and no further testimony on his part required, and while in his exalted position (?) on the dunce block—please pass him the Bible and compel him to read aloud from 1. Cor. iii, 18, where he is required to "become a fool that he may be wise." Also chapter iv. 10, where Paul says: "We are fools for Christ's sake." Let us bid adieu to Rev. Francis Through with the following proposition from the poet Milton:

"Benighted walks under the midday sun;
Himself his own dungeon."

The following incident in connection with the foregoing will perhaps be of interest to your readers.

During my sojourn of thirty-three years in the oil regions of Pennsylvania I formed the acquaintance of a Baptist preacher who resided and preached in our town for several years. During one of his sermons prior to the death of Ingersoll, he pictured Christians meeting death bravely on the battlefield during the civil war, while on the other hand all infidels were noted cowards, and as an illustration he said: "Look at the sad spectacle of Col. Ingersoll, the notorious infidel skulking away from his command during a battle and hiding in a hog pen where he surrendered to a Confederate soldier boy!" I sat in the audience hearing this lying simile (?) and murmured: "Why do preachers like the heaten, 'rage and imagine vain thing?"

On the following Monday I accosted my "Hardshell Baptist" friend on the street and asked him "if he could show me in history or otherwise where Col. Ingersoll was ever charged with cowardice?" My query made him quite uneasy and he suggested that it would be better to "look the matter up" before giving it to your congregation as a fact and thereby poisoning the minds of your hearers, many of whom were little children?" Continuing I said: "Rev. B. you served through the war and come home a private soldier, while Robert G. Ingersoll reached the rank of Colonel. In company with you I have attended various re-unions of veterans of the civil war, and whenever an opportunity presented itself you have greeted and addressed such gatherings with naught but words of kindness and with lusty voice have joined in singing about the 'Dear Old Comrade,' but when you reach home you can forget that Col Ingersoll, as well as you and I, served under the same flag, and you straitway mount the pulpit and with holy zeal (?) you single out and falsely proclaim Col. Ingersoll a coward." Getting nearer to my hidebound orthodox comrade and with the assurance that it was a confidential matter I said: "Old comrade be honest and tell me what possessed you to bandle the truth so carelessly in defaming Col. Ingersoll from the pulpit and not elsewhere? Was it the 'Old Dog' that took Christ 'up into the exceeding high mountain' and failed in his mission but tempted you to slander an old comrade, or did it originate wholly with you?"

He replied: "We are instructed to tell these stories."

Seeing that he was much embarrassed I did not crowd him further by asking who "instructed" him, but rather pitied him, and by way of apology on his behalf I quoted Romans iii. 7.

Rev. B. in his weakness tried to shift the blame on some one else, while Rev. Through in the present case made a futile effort to dump his load of falsehoods on Rev. Agnew—"All for Thy Glory."

Hereed will receive $2 for which set the date of my subscription one year ahead, also find order for extras, etc., to use up balance. Will send money and Dog Fennel list on receipt of cards.

I am crippled with rheumatism and "out of commission," now in my 60th year and a dollar begins to look as big as a wheel. Please forward Dog Fennel ordered about the time the first edition was exhausted.

Mr. Whitirop Packard in a recent article in the Boston Brown Book entitled: "Rounding up Israel," says: "The fact is Palestine has noble traditions and not much else. We got our religion from Palestine, but that was some time ago and the returns are all in."

I shall not believe that the "returns are all in" until I hear from Dog Fennel in the Orient, and then I shall doubtless remind Mr. Packard of his mistake and advise him to send for the latest "returns from Bro. Moore.

Have just received Dog Fennel. Thanks. E. I. ROFFER.

Hamilton, R. I.

(From Brann's Iconoclast)

SOME HOT STUFF.

Mrs Lula M. Clark, of Colorado, wrote an interesting article for this journal in reply to President Roosevelt's letter on race suicide. The editor of The Patriarch, of Seattle, took exceptions to many things in Mrs. Clark's reply, and in upholding the Stronger sex gave much offense to many of our indy readers.

Rev. Nancy McD Phelpts, of Hillsboro, Arizona, sends us a caustic reply, to the Patriarch editor, much of which we are compelled to omit, owing to the fact that Teddy has not yet equipped the mail service with asbestos bags.

In her reply Mrs. Phelps says in part:

Women deficient in mental caliber still marry and are the legitimate offspring of a man, clean, upright, God-fearing, who can give what he demands—a clean body and a pure soul. Yes, yes, Patriarch! You are mistaken as much off your base as though you had set your nether garment on fire. It's not mothers we're looking for; its fathers. Why, if I wanted to be a father a bevy of blooming lasses in this day and age, I'd advise them to tie a millstone around their neck and drown themselves in the nearest frog pond rather than become the wives of these prostitute specimens of dives and saloons. Oh, yes, sonny! better that the position of earth perish than to people the footstool of a righteous God with Sodomites.

How long before you will cease hunting for woman's place and find your own? You thought you had the cinch on the situation; you could tramp under your old brogans every commandment of God and go scot free—but your "sin has found you out," and so has woman, see? The women of to-day are looking for men and they find them about as scarce as hens' teeth. It takes two in the yoke or in harness, pulling even over the "uneven" roadway of life to form the perfect unit and reach the goal. How can a clear, self-respecting girl put her neck under the yoke with a tobacco plug, or walk into the collar with a whisky barrel, or prostitute her body by giving herself to the rotten embrace of a bawdy house creature in the semblance of man? I'd advise you to study social economics as taught in the Bible. Meanwhile if you and Roosevelt are fearful that your especial line will run out, hatch a few yourselves. As for women, we can't afford to go down to hell every year or so to propagate your species. They are willing to go that way for men, but not for monkeys. Also, my dear, we would be let Cady Stanton alone; it is not within the scope of your possibilities to accomplish the work that she has accomplished and bring up a large family of children of whom any mother might be proud. If she was an infidel it was because of the infernal doctrine of Calvinistic born to be saved or born to be damned. Pull down your bonnet and shake when your priest the husband comes in. I only blame her that she failed to understand her bible, and despise the bigoted fools in breeches.

Meanwhile, until you arrive at the port of common sense, you blister on the hide of creation.

Go soak your head.

REV. N. McD. PHELPS.

Comment—"The Patriarch" alluded to is a paper published by a Christian in the interest of the saloons.

DEFENDING OUR TOM PAINE.

Somerset, Ky., Jan 26th, 1904

Mr. Charles C. Moore:

Dear Sir:—I see in your paper some erroneous statements in regard to Thomas Paine. That he had the "drinking habit," that he died in poverty and neglect, and that he recanted to Mary Roscoe, according to Sheldon Gullet. Paine drank as everybody did in those days. Mr. Ingersoll, who kept the City Hotel, where Paine stopped, in a note to Caleb Bingham declared that Paine drank less than any boarder he had. When Paine returned to this country in 1802, he was worth $30,000, he was the owner of thirty shares in the New York Phoenix Insurance Co., valued at $1,500. Besides he had some personal property and ready money. A valuable farm twenty miles from New York. In his will he made several bequests, among them was $200 to Thos. Addis Emmett a brother to Robt. Emmitt and $100 to the widow of Elihu Palmer. This does not look much like he was poverty-stricken. I have heard this old story about Paine's recanting to Mary Roscoe and also the same story alleged to have been told to Mary Hinsdal. Mary Roscoe and Mary Hinsdale were one and the same person. Mary lived with Stephen Gullet as a servant, and no doubt she and Steve hatched the lie. Her maiden name was Roscoe and she afterward married Hinsdale and died at her in the family of Willet Hicks. He pronounced her story a pious fraud and fabrication. This same sweet Mary told the following story: Mary Stockwood, a Hicksite quaker died, and Mary Hinsdale met her brother and told him his sister had recanted and wanted him to say at her funeral. This also turned out to be a lie. Some of the friends believed Mary took opiates, and they did not give credence to her statement. These charges have been made against Paine before, and Ingersoll offered a thousand dollars to any one who would prove any one of them. He, in his lecture on Thomas Paine, disproves them all, as well as some other told about Paine. Willet Hicks and Elias Hicks, who were with Paine frequently during his last sickness and both of whom tried to pursuade him to recant, said: "He died as he had lived, a believer in God and a friend to man." James Cheetham, Paine's most malicious enemy said: "He died placidly and almost without a struggle." James Cheetham's Life of Thomas Paine. Two ministers, Milliholian and Cunningham, told Paine that if he died without believing in the Lord Jesus Christ he would be damned, and Paine replied: "Let me have none of your popish stuff. Good morning."

Sherwin's Life of Paine, page 220: Dr. Manly, who attended Paine in his last sickness, and to whom Paine spoke his last words, asked Paine if he did not wish to believe in Jesus Christ and he replied: "I have no wish to believe on that subject." Willet Hicks was offered money to say Paine recanted. He was even offered money to remain silent and allow others to slander the dead. This same Mary Hinsdale, nee Roscoe, was asked about Paine's recantation. She said: "It has been so long ago I do not remember." Paine did not recant. He asked to be buried in the Quaker cemetery, but was refused. If he recanted he would not have been refused burial. No man who is familiar with the history of his country would say one word against Thomas Paine. It is only the Christian and ignorant, who try to disparage his memory.

Your friend,

SAM N. SCOTT, M. D.

Comment.—In the article in the Blade here referred to by Dr. Scott, there was nothing said against Paine by anybody except the woman Roscoe, and the preacher Gullett, though the wording of the article, written by James H Elliott, Secretary of the Paine Memorial Association, had, as I noticed, at the time, myself, the peculiarity of being, in some places, written against Paine.

All that was said against Paine except that said by his Christian defamers, was when I said, myself, that the two Tom Paines "both had the drinking habit," which I suppose was true. I am, however, glad to print this letter, especially as it comes from my own State.

BIGAMOUS MINISTER AT HOME

Taken From Delaware to be Prosecuted in Iowa.

Des Moines, Ia., Jan. 25.— Smiling serenely from behind the bars of the county jail at Sigourney, Rev. I. B. Taylor, debonaire handsome and well groomed, awaits trial on the charge of bigamy that was preferred by Johnson Graves, of Martinsburg, Ia., father of the beautiful young woman to whom he was married. Sheriff Baty, of Keokuk County, arrived to day from Wilmington, Del., with the dashing minister. The Governor of Delaware waived his claim upon the prisoner in favor of Iowa, as under the Delaware law he could not be prosecuted for bigamy, as both wives do not reside in that State. Taylor was convicted at Wilmington of deserting wife No. 1 and their two children, and was sent to jail upon default of bond to guarantee contributing $25.00 monthly to their support. His second wife, married to him in Iowa with one child already born and another that has since come into the world, has made no move to prosecute him, but her father is pushing the charge.

PREACHERS BEFORE THE COURT

Norristown, Jan. 23.—Charged by his wife with desertion and nonsupport, Rev. H. W. Brown, formerly of Royersford, was held in $500 bail by Justice Keely, of Royersford, for his appearance at court, his father, also a minister, going on his bond.

In June, 1903, the defendant, with a promising career, married Flora, a daughter of J. W. Peterman, residing near Royersford. He afterward became pastor of the Evangelical Church, at Terre Hill, Pa. which he left to take a larger church at Allentown. Here it is alleged, his relations with his wife grew cold.

In the summer of 1899, it is alleged, he sent his wife and son on a visit to the home of her parents, and in a short time a letter was received from Mr. Brown's father saying that he had resigned as pastor and disappeared from Allentown. All traces of him were lost until he was recently located at Mount Carmel, where he posed as a single man.

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BACK TO PRISON

The Rev. William E. Hinshaw's Parole is Ended.

Indianapolis, Ind.—The Rev. Wm. E. Hinshaw will arrive in Indianapolis this morning from his mother's home near Winchester on his return to the Michigan City prison. Gov. Durbin has refused the request of his friends to extend his sixty-day parole, and Hinshaw next week will again begin his life sentence for the alleged murder of his wife, Thirza Hinshaw, at Belleville, Ind.

The parole was granted by Gov. Durbin at the request of Hinshaw's friends, who have always believed him innocent. His aged mother was dying at her farm home at Snow Hill, six miles from Winchester. The parting between son and mother came Thursday in the little farm home.

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Apr. 30-pd.

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Punta Gorda, Fla.

Apr. 30-pd.

N. L. P.

This Column is Dedicated to the National Liberal Party—Matter Intended for Publication Should Be Addressed to Morris Sachs, Secretary, Atlas Bank Building, Cincinnati, Ohio.

Oleta Okla.—Put me down for one of Dr. Wilson's books. I have not the money now, but it will be on hand when called for. I want to help push the good work along, and I tell the Doctor if he publishes a book on phallic worship I want one.—JESSE HIATT.

Shelton, Wash.—I have delayed writing to you as I wanted to send my dues to the N. L. P. and for one of Wilson's books if he, as I hope he will, go to Rome, and also a dollar or two for the Blade, but I have not the money at present, but will send it as soon as I can. Sincerely hoping that the Blade will live I am yours respectfully—ANTHONY O. NELSON.

Carlisle, Ark.—I herewith send you $2—one to pay my dues in the N. L. P. and one for Dr. Wilson's prospective tour to Rome.—THOMAS ELLIS

Salida, Colo.—I enclose one dollar for Dr. Wilson's book as I am sure that Wilson is well qualified for such work. I hope he will describe the monument to Bruno. I donated to that monument and also to D. M. Bennett's monument and his trip around the world. I think it a grand thing to expose the rottenness of all the church and especially the Catholic church. Having been in the Freethought ranks for twenty-five years I am a terror to Christians here. I wish Wilson and our cause a grand success.—OTIS WHITE.

I very much enjoyed reading Bro. Moore's piece about the B. & O. Railroad accident. The logic was good, the diction spicy and the conclusions convincing.

Our friend W. H. Kerr, editor and publisher of "The Christian Educator and God's Defender," has again favored this office with a few samples of his worthy paper. I believe Bro. Kerr wants only 25 cents a year for his publication and it is well worth the money. His address is Great Bend, Kansas.

Speaking about the recent theater accident in the metropolis of Illinois, Bro. Kerr deposes:

"The truth that God is a myth has been brought home to the people of Chicago with dreadful emphatic force. Had he been a real being how easily he could have prevented it, or had he not have done so what a wicked, heartless being he would have been. In view of this catastrophe he would be a fool to say of our cause the paper his name is written on.

Had there been a real being as the clergy describe him to be with foreknowledge of events and power to communicate with us he would have been an accessory before the fact and guilty of manslaughter in the first degree. In that case he should be condemned by mass meetings of the mourners as a public enemy and hanged in effigy.

"Not one of the mourners should ever again worship or pretend to love him; they should never again give one penny to have him proclaimed their father, savior, protector or friend.

"A God who could look with complacency upon this holocaust with power to have prevented it would be a fiend and the worst enemy the race could possibly have and of deserving of nothing but universal condemnation."

Seven Mile, O.—Please find enclosed one dollar as dues for membership of the National Liberal Party. Please acknowledge same and oblige.—JOHN MIKESELL.

Webster City, Iowa.—I enclose you money order for membership fee in National Liberal Party. I trust that interest is being shown in the organization and that arrangements for an enthusiastic meeting may be made for the St. Louis Exposition. Please express my best wishes to be faithful of your city and accept same for yourself and estimable wife.—HARRIET M. CLOSE.

Earlington, Ky.—Enclosed I send you $2—one to pay my dues this year to N. L. P. and one for Dr. Wilson to Rome. I will also buy one of Dr. Wilson's books if he writes one.—W. CAL MORGAN.

Plattsburg, Mo.—Enclosed find one dollar bill to put me on with N. L. P. W. E. DEVALL.

Caplinger Mills, Mo.—You will find in this post office money order for $5 to pay for membership dues to the N. L. P. as follows.... How is I. N. L. P. prospering. I have not seen a report lately? How many members are there? I subscribed sometime ago for one of Dr. Wilson's books on report of the Rome Congress through the Blade. Several more friends here want the book. I expect to see them in a day or two and will send their names in this letter. If possible on another sheet. Send me one of those buttons.—J. M. AUSTIN.

Smithsonian Institute, Washington, D. C.—Enclosed please find one dollar to pay my annual dues for the current year.—FRANK BURNS.

Chicago, Ill.—Please enroll my name for one of Dr. Wilson's books reporting the Rome Congress. Will pay when notified to do so.—J. G. WALLACE.

You can pay now, Brother Wallace. We can not engage passage or make other necessary arrangements unless we have money in bank.—M. S.

Point Isabel, O.—Enclosed find postal order for Dr. Wilson's book when he returns from Rome.—VIOLA HIGGINS.

New Sharon, Iow.—When does the Freethought Liberal Society or Congress meet in St. Louis?—DR. J. W. WOOD.

It will meet very likely during the month of August. The executive board will soon take action in this regard. What we now want and want it badly is a large enrollment of membership and the payment of dues by old members. We should have a large attendance at St. Louis and show to the world—for St. Louis will surely be a diminutive world next August—that we are strong and outspoken.

Of course, the truth will and must prevail if utterly by one as readily as if uttered by the multitude; but it will take hard work and conflict the world of this grand truth if only advocated by a few.

While it is a fact that we see almost daily convincing to our cause, nevertheless the work goes on slowly. We need a whole army of propagandists—not merely believers but workers. Men and women who will express their views in public and demonstrate to God that he is a myth.

Santa Claus has firmly imbedded in the mind of the adult. When the child grows up Santa Claus; but this idea was put into the mind of the infant. Into the brain of the child, into the brain of the youth and young woman, into the brain of the man and woman so firmly that it takes more time, more patience, more enlightenment to eradicate this God idea from the older mind.

Beg pardon for this lecture. What I want to say is that we need members for the National Liberal Party.—M. S.

Grantfork, Ill.—Please put me down on your subscription list of our giant book for cash. Dr. J. B. Wilson's Rome Congress book, for cash. Also, also put me down for one dollar for Congress fund which I will remit together when I get the book, or when it is in settled fact that the book will be issued.—ANTON J. KRAFT.

It is a settled fact that Dr. Wilson will go to Rome and write the book so you and friends can send on their money to be deposited in The Central Trust and Safe Deposit Company of Chicago, all where it will draw interest until needed. In case the Doctor can not go every cent will be sent back—one hundred cents to the dollar.—M. S.

REV. FRANK W. SANDFORD INDICTED FOR MANSLAUGHTER

Worchester Mass., Jan. 25, 304. Editor Blue Grass Blade:

Dear Sir—I enclose you a clipping from Sunday (Boston) Post. The Rev. Sandford is not a representative of the modern Christian minister, the most of whom have been somewhat improved by the rational thought that is kept flowing by you and other editors and writers, but he illustrates the effect that believing the Bible to be the will of God has upon human brains.

The only reason that he has not created as much air and caused as many followers as Dowie is that he is located in Maine where, as a rule, people are not so susceptible to such foolish ideas. Very truly yours,

MARY LARCY BRICKHAM.

P. S.—My brother has just finished reading Dos Fennel and says he thinks if every Christian could read it it would open their eyes to the fraud that is imposed upon them.

M. A. H.

The clipping about Sandford, heading and all, is as follows:

SANDFORD OF SHILOH
UP FOR MANSLAUGHTER

Made Children Fast and One of Them Died.

Auburn, Me., Jan. 23.—The Rev. Frank W. Sandford, founder and head of the Holy Ghost and His colony at Shiloh, was today indicted for manslaughter by the Androscoggin county grand jury. He was later arrested by Sheriff Cummings and one of his deputies and brought here, where he furnished bail for his appearance before the Supreme Court.

The indictment against the Rev. Mr Sandford contains five specific instances of alleged cruelty to children. All of the charges resulted from the alleged severe discipline in the Shiloh colony.

Mr. Sandford took his arrest very coolly and readily consented to accompany Sheriff Cummings and Deputy Hurley when they served a bench warrant upon him at Shiloh. He said that the indictment and the subsequent arrest was not unexpected, and he knew some of "his people" had been before the grand jury, and thought prosecution might follow.

"Any steps of this kind that you may choose to take in the name of the law will not trouble me in the least," said Mr. Sandford to the officers. "I consider myself answerable only to God. I feel that my effort is directed toward pleasing him."

He refused to discuss the case or make any statement and said he would do to defend himself against the charge.

The indictment found against Mr. Sandford charges manslaughter in causing the death of Jesse Smith's 14-year-old boy, who lived at Shiloh last winter, by neglect; cruelty to the 7-month-old child of John Swart; cruelty to the 22-year-old child of John Swart; cruelty to the 4-year-old son of John Swart, and cruelty to his own son John Sandford, aged 6 years.

It is alleged that Mr. Sandford made the children fast 40 hours, and that he made his own son fast 72 hours.

Preserved for life—clean, healthy, pearl like—
Teeth GYM-INE-IOT moves Stains, STOPS Decay
Cleans good as dentist. Picks, polishes, gets dirt that brush can't. LASTS LIFETIME. Prevents scale, gummorrhea, cavities, cures sensitiveness. Saves teeth; saves dollars. (Circular) outfit 40 cents (postal note or coin). Copper Teeth Sanitarium, Kent, O. Apr. 30-pd.

A LESSON IN SOCIAL DISCONTENT

The celebration announced by Hull House "in honor" of the birthday of Tom Paine bids for complete harmony with the teachings and practices of that socialistic institution. The exaltation of the infidel as a person most worthy of emulation is a primary and fundamental lesson in discontent and disbelief. From disbelief in divine law and authority to disbelief in the laws of man and the authority of organized government is a quick and short step. The most active and malevolent enemies of law and social order are infidels, for the doctrine of infidelity is the doctrine of religious anarchy. It aims to destroy belief in and reverence for the source of all authority.

The infidel is an Anarchist at heart, whether he is known by that title or masquerades as a Socialist. The individual who has no respect for divine authority will not be subordinate voluntarily to the authority of human beings who are mere creatures of divine law.

Infidelity and its hideous offspring Anarchy find their disciples among the degenerate, the weak-minded, the large-headed and the intellectual dependents who rely upon others to think for them. The unfortunates who seek the protection of Hull House under the impression that it is an eleemosynary institution are excellent material from which to make converts. Having given the public this exhibition of the anarchistic of Thomas Paine, it is now in order for Hull House to follow it with a celebration "in honor" of the birthdays of those "martyrs to the cause" commonly known as Haymarket Anarchists.

The above is from the Chicago Chronicle of January 26th, and is an editorial.

It does seem that any man who has intelligence enough to edit any kind of a newspaper, would not, if he were honest, make such ridiculous statements as are contained in that editorial.

I am the editor of the Infidel newspaper which according to Rowell's Newspaper Directory has the largest circulation of any of the nineteen Infidel publications in America and I have not been notified of the above alleged meeting of infidels at "Hull House," know nothing about it or its purpose, and I repeat that statement in the above editorial and do not at all pretend to defend it.

On the other hand if it be true that anywhere in Chicago a body of men and women, one or both, have gathered for the purpose of propagating or in any way encouraging Anarchy I hope they will be arrested and punished for it.

Carter Harrison, the Mayor of Chicago, my loved kinsman, born and reared in sight of my home here in Kentucky was murdered by a Christian Anarchist—I never heard of an Infidel Anarchist—and it is not natural that I would have much love for Anarchists.

As to the Haymarket Anarchists who were hung, though I have been an Infidel for 40 years and an Infidel propagandist for nearly all that time, I have never heard that any one of the "martyrs" was an Infidel while it is undoubtedly true that one of them was a preacher, and another one near enough to being a preacher to be named Parsons.

Chicago has certainly had her share of trouble with Anarchists and lately had an affliction by fire that has shocked the world even more than the fire that once destroyed that city, and if now it is true that a body of Anarchists are assembled in Chicago, to transact their business that whole city should be aroused to capture them and punish them.

If any body of Anarchists have assembled to celebrate the birthday of Tom Paine it ought to be resented by every man and woman in the whole world, who is loyal to the memory of Paine.

The three men who, far more than any other three, have made this government what it is are all Infidels. They were, taking them in the order of their value to the world, Tom Paine, Benjamin Franklin and Thomas Jefferson. Paine did more than any of them and made more sacrifice than any the Infidel Stephen Girard doing more with money than any other man this government owes to any other score of men.

Paine wrote for this government, took his musket and fought for it, and out of his limited means gave $500.00 to feed and clothe the Revolutionary soldiers.

The greatest infidels that have lived in America were Abraham Lincoln and Robert G. Ingersoll, the first a Commander-in-Chief of the army and navy of the United States and the other a Colonel in the army that fought to perpetuate this government.

The greatest two Infidels that ever lived were Elizabeth Cady Stanton in America, and Herbert Spencer in Europe, the first dying at the age of 85, the latter at the age of 83, both recently and both honored as great benefactors, and eulogized on their deaths, in every civilized language in the world.

In Chicago lately, President Harper of Chicago University, presumably the most learned man in the city, has publicly renounced the religion and has said there shall be no more of it in that institution.

Lately H. L. Green and his wife died in Chicago whether by accidental asphyxiation or by suicide because they were old and poor—both being over 80 years old—and did not want to be a burden to others, we do not know what they thought, as their personal friend who had visited them at their humble home and found them a loving old couple, I believe they suicided, heartbroken by the loss of their only child a bright and splendid son.

They edited The Freethought Magazine an Infidel publication, that never had a line of Anarchy or any other immorality in it, and when they died, every paper of any standing in the United States had words of kindness and sympathy for them, and even the professional religious papers did not dare to say a word against them.

On the other hand there are several Socialistic and Anarchistic papers published in Chicago and they all exchange with me and I never saw an editorial against the Christian religion in one of them in my life and neither did the editor of the Chicago Chronicle.

So far from Anarchistic and Socialistic papers being Infidel they each claim that Jesus Christ was one of their number, and if the editor of the Chronicle is at all intelligent upon the subject that he writes about, he is bound to know that this is true.

Anarchists claim that Jesus Christ was an Anarchist, and they are just about right about it.

He certainly never said a word in favor of any republican form of government, and the New Testament says "Honor the King," which was the very thing that the founders of this government said they would not do.

The claim that Jesus was a Socialist is not well supported according to some doctrines of Socialism, and is well supported according to other doctrines of Socialism.

Jesus Christ did no work, had no "visible means of support," invited himself to dinner with the banker Zaccheus, sponged on the rich Lazarus at Bethany, he never reported even to have spoken to the rich Lazarus of Jerusalem, known to everybody in the city, and said to his disciples "And I say unto you make unto yourselves friends of the mammon of unrighteousness," an utterance that has done more harm to the world than any other ever spoken, except some other that Jesus himself spoke.

As contrasted with such as this the greatest utterance that ever fell from lips or flowed from pen was that of Tom Paine when he said "The world is my country, humanity my brethren and to do good is my religion."

Tom Paine said "I believe in one God and none other," and this is the man that the Christian Roosevelt called a "filthy little Atheist," and sent the book containing the statement to the Pope of Rome, the "kings of kings," that sits on a throne and wears a triple crown, to get his influence to gain the Catholic vote, to elect him, Roosevelt, president of a republican government.

Roosevelt holds his place because he was put there by a Catholic Christian Anarchist and Roosevelt is a man who continually masquerades his belief in "divine authority" by going to church and managing to get his religion continually advertised in the newspapers and magazines.

The editor of the Chicago Chronicle is just one more instance of a million of instances among Christians that just any old lie is all right if told to damage Infidels.

PRESIDENT HOWARD AYRES OF CINCINNATI UNIVERSITY.

Fort Smith, Ark., Jan. 28, 04

Charles C. Moore, Editor B. G. B.:

Dear Brother.—I enclose $3. Send me "Dog Pennel," and the Blade for one year, to the inclosed list. Send me a few sample copies and I will do a little work for the good of the Blade and the cause.

I send you clipping from a Fort Smith paper in regard to Prof. Ayers.

His family are of the Baptist persuasion and as business men stand well.

This is the childhood home of Prof. Ayers and we think very highy of him though we think he has got informed and his mind too broad to longer believe the ignorant fish and snake stories of the Bible.

Yours Truly,
JAMES O'NEAL

The clipping is as follows:

CHARGED WITH AGNOSTICISM.

Prof Howard Ayers has been deposed from the presidency of the Cincinnati University and at present there is a great discussion in regard to his relation to the Baptist church.

Prof. Ayers is a son of W. N. Ayers of this city; and secured his early education in the public school of this city. There are numerous young men here who went to school with him and remember him well.

Prof. Charles William Dabney, president of the University of Tennessee, Prof. Edmond James, president of Northwestern University and Prof. Burrus A. Jenkins, president of Kentucky University, have had overtures made to them to succeed President Ayers. Prof Dabney is the choice of the board and it is believed that he will succeed President Ayres.

President Ayres was deposed for alleged Agnosticism. The charge seems to be based on an address on "Materialism" before a literary society composed of people of orthodox religious beliefs.

Out of this arose the impression that Prof. Ayers was not a member of the church.

The Cincinnati Post of Tuesday devotes three columns of its front page to the discussion and brings to light the fact that for several weeks President Ayers' letter of demission from the Baptist church at Ann Arbor, Mich., where Prof. Ayres was formerly a member of the faculty has been in the hands of the deacons of the Ninth Street Baptist church of Cincinnati.

Comment.—Blade readers have seen from other issues of this paper, my relationship to the Infidel Ayers who has accepted the presidency of Cincinnati University, and, other things being equal, I would be glad to see him there, but if we are to judge from the trend of affairs in other Universities regarding religion, Cincinnati has made an egregious mistake in discharging an Infidel president of her University, to take an orthodox one, and especially a Presbyterian as Dabney is, is liable to have trouble in Cincinnati.

There are no two sects that hate each other more cordially than the Camphellites and the Presbyterians, the Presbyterians being those who have specially ridiculed the Campbellites' special graft, baptising, the quarrel being as to whether, a few drops out of a gord, or a whole horse pond are necessary to baptize.

This enmity was specially aggravated in Kentucky once by a very accrimonious and silly debate between Alexander Campbell and Nathan L. Rice, a Presbyterian.

Ohio, and especially Cincinnati, are Campbellite strongholds. R. M. Bishop, a Campbellite was Mayor of Cincinnati, and then Governor of the of the state, and President Garfield was a Campbellite of that State and the largest of all the Campbellite newspapers the Christian Standard, is published in Cincinnati.

The Northwestern University, and Kentucky University are both Campbellite institutions.

Hopkins is a Campbellite preacher, and I suppose James is. So that it is easy to see the "fine Italian hand" or the Campbellite, in the wise polling that was done to get a president for the Cincinnati University, and the Presbyterian, the pet detestation of the Campbellite, has beaten the Campbellite at his own game, and if the Campbellites fail to make it warm for my nephew Dabney it will be the first time that the Campbellites ever failed to get in his work for the Presbyterian and Dabney and the University of Cincinnati may just count on a strong Campbellite opposition from Kentucky, Ohio and Indiana from the very minute the drum taps, and no Jesuit that ever were born ever got in their work any slicker than these Campbellites are going to do.

Once there was a lady who had a monkey and a parrot and she went to church, one Sunday, and left the monkey and parrot fastened in her room.

The monkey put on a pair of spectacles and sat down and read the Bible for a while and then he got up and picked every feather off the parrot.

When the mistress came home and saw the parrot sitting up on the back of a chair, Polly said, "O! we have had a h—— of a time."

THE BLADE'S JOB DEPARTMENT.

You can see from letters in the Blade from persons from a distance who have gotten job work done at the Blade office what they say about it.

They say even more than I ever told you they would do, if they got work done at the Blade office.

There are letters from hundreds, if not thousands, of people, that come to the Blade office, having printing on the letters heads and on the envelopes.

The Blade has a fine job press, and splendid cases and cabinets of the finest and prettiest type, and good workmen. Mr. Hughes engages to do your work as well as you can get it done anywhere and at as small cost as you can get in your own towns. If you don't believe this inform yourselves at your own homes, and then confer with him and see if this is true

Certainly he deserves your encouragement and assistance. If each of you waits for some body else to do this, it will all amount to nothing—about like you are doing now—but if each of you men and women, will take a little pains to assist a man who is making a great sacrifice to assist you all—which very few of you appreciate—it will amount to much, and it will cost you no more than the same work done at your own homes, and rarely if it at all, done any better and in the majority of cases, not done to well as Mr. Hughes would do it.

Please be kind and good and generous. He does not ask this but I ask it for him. Do for him what you would have him do for you under similar circumstances, and send him your job work from every where.

THE END.

(Milwaukee Sentinel.)

I asked a laughing little lad
"What is the end of all this fun?"
His upturned eyes grew wide and sad,
He answered, "Gee, I just begun!
I s'pose that when I have to die
If I am good I'll prob'ly go
To heaven—I dunno jes' why,
But anyhow, Ma told me so."

I asked a solemn clergyman
"What is the end, sir? Can you tell?"
He answered pompously, "I can!
"For Christians, heaven; for sinners, hell!
Repent, ere yet it is too late;
No longer let black sin besmirch
Your weary soul; see! yonder gate
Leads to the one and only church."

I asked a soul without a name—
With paint upon her stolid face:
"What is the end of all this shame?
What lies beyond this primrose pace?"
She paused a moment—from her hand
The wineglass fell, and then she laughed;
"The end?" she sneered, "a bed of sand
And possibly a marble shaft."

I asked a sage, "What is the end?"
He shook a head as white as snow
And calmly answered me, "My friend,
You ask in vain—I do not know!"
This was the answer of the seer,
And, hopelessly I turned to go,
The echo ringing in my ear:
"I do not know—I do not know!"

BRO. J. W. SAWYER HEARD FROM.

A copy of Pink Iconoclast, of Sept. 12, 1903, has just been sent me having printed in stencil on its margin, "J. W. Sawyer, 433, N. 5th Street, Cor. Ouray Ave., Grand Junction Colorado."

"Pink Iconoclast" is the only Infidel Socialistic paper in the world that I know of.

Bro. Sawyer is a good man—sound as a Spanish milled dollar.

Years ago he and Mrs. Henry and I were colaborers in the Prohibition cause. Bro Sawyer was a Baptist, but he had a very mild form of it; sort of variaiolo, as it were.

He edited a Prohibition paper, in Louisville, called "The Southern Journal." I got him along far enough on the road to infidelity to make him say in his paper that he never went to church but I could never get him to announce himself an Infidel.

He lost a good lot of money by his paper and his health became bad and he went West to try to regain his health.

Before he started he had gotten to be an enthusiastic Socialist, and now I suppose, he is a patron of Infidel Socialistic paper, "Pink Iconoclast," but though he was always a good friend to me personally, he seems not to have taken much interest in me or the Blade since he turned Socialist.

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(Written for the Blue Grass Blade.)

GUNJA IN THE PEW

By William Quigley.

On Sunday last I found my way to church,
To hear the priest reveal himself on sin;
Some how, of late, I did not dread his birch,
My faith in church was growing very thin.
For want of facts to prove it is a blessing
Worth half we pay to those who do the guessing.

He talked of sin against the Holy Ghost,
(And yet we never hear the Ghost complain),
Then, next, he mentioned doubt for which we're lost.
Then why not force the mind with something plain,
That reason can accept as something lawful
Instead of tangled myth that seems so awful?

No word he said of robbery and theft,
Nor murder, rape nor rum ee'r passed his lips;
Nor minor cruelties. All these were left
As trifling faults, mere complimental tips
To Satan's Majesty; if not forgiven
Here by priest, and record made in heaven.

I heard no more; just then I fell asleep,
With little care what else he had to say.
An angel then did softly to me creep,
A halo on his brow and looking gay,
And whispered in my ear "You doubting adder,
This way, my lord, we'll climb this golden ladder."

Then up we rose like fog from off the lake,
To seek the spot where holies never mourn.
The angel led; I winged me in his wake,
Still up and on beyond the starry bourn;
Beyond the groans of hell and purgatory,
And there she stood, in all her ancient glory.

With mountains walled around, each summit decked
With bleeding hearts and skulls and skeleton;
Each poised upon a lance, for good effect;
And here, within, I saw the King, the Son,
The Holy Ghost. All did me cheery waving,
And bid me pass, but not to steal the paving.

The King was bald; aye, even to a hair,
And very fat and bald but not so clean,
His personal display through want of care,
Was not in keeping with the pride and spleen
Depicted on his brow, devoid of sorrow,
Which seemed to say "I neither lend nor borrow."

I take no insolence, no compromise;
You bend the knee and call me loud and long,
Nor dare ye my delays to criticise,
Nor tempt me, in the least, to wield the thong.
Do ye the law, or by my jealous ire,
Than lowest hell I'll never lift thee higher.

Not so the Son; while weeping over hell,
I heard him say, "Oh, Father, that's enough;
Let's quench the flame, bid me to ring the bell."
No answer came, but from his pipe a puff.
The ear was not attuned for childish prattle.

The Son was weak; logician? Not a bit,
Nor deigns, by argument to win the right.
He reads no books, like Ingersoll's, for wit,
But lives by faith alone; no other light—
And strolls about, hair parted in the middle
Or wastes his time in playing on the fiddle.

The Holy Ghost seems young and handsome yet.
Eternal youth is fixed upon his brow;
Polite and gay, he never seems to fret,
O'er this or that, nor rivals will allow;
His ear alert, for Siren voices harking,
And every eye, on dress parade out larking.

Yea, in his breast one passion seems to lurk;
While flow'ry song wells from his winsome tongue,
And, o'er his face he wears a wily smirk,
Bewitching more, to fascinate the young;
Bedecked, begemmed in every kind of glitter,
To make him, for his calling, all the fitter.

Then, further on, I met the maid or miss,
The loved Madonna, Heaven's only queen,
(Yet blind in faith) who met me with a kiss,
And very ancient seemed and wan and lean;
Her gray disheveled hair in need of smoothing;
A lone and lonesome soul in scanty clothing.

She sighed "Tis lonely here since heaven's host
All, save the souls of saints, have fled the town,
To seek more merry land—a freer coast—
Yet He is here; but meets me with a frown,
Nor even bows; then goes his way all cheery,
To seek the blooming youth—some later dearie."

And, O, the pathos in her feeble tongue,
While welling pity gathered in her ee,
I sometimes think all mortals should be hung,
And even Gods, for rank incontancy;
Just think of it; two thousand years neglect;
The maiden who bore God, no more respected.

A sickly smile then creeping o'er her face,
She said "How glad I am you called this way;
You cheer my life; you give my heart a brace;
If not so long 'twill brighten many a day.
This town is dull and even growing smaller;
A hundred years have passed since latest caller,

Save, now and then, a Pope whom God forgave,
And other servants lesser hither sent;
Though God is good, and others will be save,
Than those who daily kneel and sore repent;
'Tis only these who know the father's meaning,
And O, how rank they stand in need of cleaning.

In yonder park they wait the final horn,
To reinstate the clay, despite the worm.
Impatiently they pray the judgment morn,
And, on their hellies creep and writhe and squirm,
Like serpents all in love, each other kissing,
And singing sacred psalms, a constant hissing.

But few have faith to wait His long delay.
Who does must surely win, in time, but where,
God only knows; not mine to set the day.
Yet, if it were, I'd quickly seize my pen
And sign To-Day; I would not wait the morrow,
Nor setting sun, to end all sin and sorrow."

But thus, slow strolling on, we gained the park.
"Great God!" said I, "What means this wormy place?
O, mystery! What means this horror stark;
A million snakes; and all with human face,
The souls of men, by God's most gracious pardon
Permitted here to range this lovely garden?"

Some stretched in flow'ry shade enormous length;
Yet others coiled in peace, of smaller size,
While many warred, and crafty, tried their strength,
Defending creeds they taught for earthly tythes.
What dire hissing, biting, squirming, twisting;
All tangled in a heap like drunkards fisting.

"Tell me," said I, "tell me for heaven's sake,
Why is the soul of man so serpent like?"
"Know ye," (returned) "the soul is by the snake
Through disobedience, vain pride belike,
And born with God's most perfect man forever
And only penance here the vile can sever.

That is the why is man so prone to greed,
So loth to toil, so subtle in his heart.
Such is the cause by which you mortals bleed,
And so, each other, pain by every art.
Man's serpent soul, alone, is man's enslaver—
To swallow all; an everlasting craver.

Your President is on the serpent trail,
And gladly grasps a weaker nation's right.
The star of fame, to souls in calloused mail,
Is all they crave; nor have they humane light,
To feel the poor man's heart forever bealing,
Crushed out of hope, from grasp and greed retreating.

Your honored house, the house of buccaneers,
Is also on the trail for blood and spoil.
Nor will they rue the stream of blood and tears,
From foreign hearts and eyes, in dread recoil;
But, victors home returned, begrimed and gory,
Will lay it all to God, and shout for glory.

As serpents love, ye mortals love the same;
The love of lust is all that either know.
How ardent too, while in persuit of game,
Till lust is satiate; then vile and low
You bend before your God and claim his pity,
Sound forth your prayers and sing your savage ditty."

The organ groaned, the choir began to sing,
And I awoke, reformed, chagrined surprised.
How great the change! and, since recovering,
I see the world as serpents in disguise;
Since, with Her moral club so beat and battered,
So justly too, I do not feel so flattered.

SHORT LETTERS

Logan, Utah—What will be the cost of 500 small bill heads, 500 letter heads and 500 envelopes, laid down here? I want to know about the cost and then I will tell you what I want on them.

Well, Brother Moore, God bless you and the Blade—but I know he won't. Pete said the devil would commence at the house of God, and it has began at my house. My infidel wife don't want me to drink common beer with common Mormon saints. She says if I would drink with Bishops, Apostles and Senators like Smoot it would be all right with her, but to be caught drinking with lay members and common elders and missionaries is a disgrace to her and infidel teachings.

My wife is alone here in Zion. I know of no other infidel lady. I hope there are more, but don't think it. We have lots of good Mormons here, but most of them were dead years before I came here. A silver dollar looks like a wagon wheel to the anointed. Most of the Saints sleep with an eye opener at arm's reach. Joseph F. Smith is president of twenty-two different kinds of grafts beside the three-headed God graft.—G. J. WHEELER.

Upland, Ind.—I have completed a club of five, a subscriber and I paying for one each ourselves. The Blade is my type of orthodoxy. It is so grand to read the letters from the old and young. It seems to me like these Christian love feasts we see when we go to church. We read letters from old brothers and sisters who have passed the three-score-and-ten, and they are in strong faith and do not sit around wondering if the devil has any claim on them, but they are fearless and ready to die. How grand to think that some men and women are living with their minds free from superstition—minds not poisoned with fear of something impossible to exist. Ours is a noble fight—a fight for humanity; not morbidly, but for humanity, and that men and women, in our ranks, should be models for Christian men and women. Please find enclosed $2.50 for which send the Blade to the following five.—DAYTON CLARK.

Bradfordsville, Ky.—Please find enclosed $1 to pay my subscription for the Blade. I guess this will be the last one, but my whole soul is with you in the cause of Freethought. I have been confined to my room for several months, and this is cancer on my face.—W. W. NEWCOMB.

Corpus Christi, Texas.—Enclosed money order for Blade, ordered by Joshua S. Smith of this city and being received here by me. I am in love with your paper and trust you will live many years to keep the fur a flying, and opening peoples eyes to an understanding of things real.—A. H. MEULY.

Houston, Texas.—I am compelled, through sickness, to return to my native home, Germany. I shall send my subscription for the Blade from there, as soon as I get there, and I want the Blade to come on to me without interruption.—AL. BORNEFELD.

Punta Gorda, Fla.—Enclosed $1 for my renewal. I have, for free distribution about one hundred copies of Paine's "Age of Reason" and 500 copies of "Facts Worth Knowing." They were sent me by the Brooklyn Philosophical Society. I will mail a few copies of each to any person who will send stamps for postage.—F. T. PERKINS.

Deer Lodge, Mont.—I see that my subscription has expired. I am temporarily financially embarrassed, and will have to ask you to discontinue the Blade for the present, as being a life convict, I have no present prospect of paying for it. Enclosed please find money order for $1 which is sent by my cell mate Dave Dezell. He says mark my subscription paid up to date, and credit him by the balance. With best wishes for the success of your self and Mr. Hughes and the Blade and all its friends, I am yours for H. H. R.—JOHN BIRKS.

Grays, Ky.—Please find enclosed M. O. for $6. Apply $5 to extend my subscription one year ahead and $1 for a new subscriber. I trust the Liberals will pay up and put the Blade out of all danger of suspending. How would it suit you to make the Blade more in the shape of say the Freethinker, London, England. It would be much handier to preserve, but I have no wish to add anything to the cost of getting it out. It is good anybody, though there might be many like myself who would like to preserve the paper. I like your idea about the magazine if only enough would take hold of it. I fancy it would be risky at present to try it. I notice all Freethought papers, with which I am acquainted are pushed for help. If it was any other business I would advise all of them to go into a trust, but I can't figure out how a Freethought trust would work. Wishing you a long and happy useful life I remain a sincere admirer.—W. T. ROBINSON.

Shepard, O.—The Infirmary Directors of Ohio, who have charge of the poor houses of the State, held a convention at Columbus recently and the Columbus Daily Citizen reports that they voted down a proposition to request chaplains for those institutions.

The Citizen says "In the discussion preachers and churches were not spared. It was claimed that the appointment of chaplains was simply a move on the part of the superannuated ministers to give them a job."

It was pointed out that, with possibly one or two exceptions, no churches pay any attention to the inmates of infirmaries, and when they die they are buried in potter's field or given to medical students for dissection. It is evident that people who have no money have no souls worth caring for. They can die and be damned without a sky-pilot at their bedside or at their graves. The preachers are "out for the stuff" and do not follow Christ's example of seeking the poor and unfortunate.—F. S. MONTGOMERY.

Cadott, Wis.—I am glad you are to continue at the Blade. Herewith find $2 to advance my subscription to the Blade. I expect to get subscribers for the cards I got from you. My regards to that bunch of whiskers in the Northwest corner of the Blade.—FRANK ZIMMERMAN.

Hybee, Tenn.—I send you $3—one to renew my Blade, one to renew Isaac Dawson, and one for a new subscriber. The Blade must not go down. I am an R. F. D. carrier and I rip the hypocrites up the back every opportunity and they say that by my so doing I am going to lose my job as carrier—just because I am an Infidel.—SAM DAWSON.

Amarillo, Texas.—I saw Uncle Billy Pate and he asked me to write you to stop sending him the Blade, because his eyesight is so bad he cannot read it. He is 83 years old, and growing quite feeble, and may cross over the divide soon, so I send you only fifty cents for him, which will pay for the Blade up to the next May, the 75 years but I am going to try to keep up my subscription a year longer, any how, and as much longer than that as I can, though my eyesight is failing. I am going to try to get you some new subscribers that can read and that have the means to pay for the Blade. I do sincerely hope you will make a success in issuing the Blade.—J. W. JOHNSTON.

Indianapolis, Ind.—Enclosed $1 for one year's subscription on the Blade. I will send you $2 more for the balance on the cards as soon as I possibly can. I am anxious to see the Blade live and to see you prosper, and I expect to give you and the cause all the moral and financial support that I can.—H. C. COPPOCK.

Logan, Utah.—That man don't live, and never did, who loved his enemies. All the pulpit pounders out of hell can't make any sane man believe such trash. It may do to preach while they are passing around the hat but ends there. It won't do to take any such foolishness home with you. I believe that all church buildings should be examined by government officers at least four times a year, and if there is anybody in them that wants to get out let them out. We don't know what crimes are committed in these holy places. We have some here called temples. I don't say that there is any crime committed in them, but there might be. I know a man is required to have a pass signed by some holy person before he can go through.

The gospel is free here if you pay one-tenth of your interest and all other dues. Zion is here all right.

A man named Rose shot and killed his wife in bed, on Christ's birthday, at Salt Lake City, and I will bet he was trained in the Christian faith, and was a good standing, first-class Sunday school teachers, both Mormons in good standing, Martinsen and Hayes, got to fighting in church and one killed the other, and so it goes, from bad to worse.

January 10th I went to church to hear the Apostle Conley talk to the Saints. On my way home Elder Lindquist overtook me and it was slippery on the sidewalks. I had on shoes newly tapped and could hardly stand. He asked me "Got too much booze?" I said "O, no, I am not good enough Christian for that." "Does it take a Christian to be a drunkard?" he asked. I said "Yes; you know your God commanded Ezekiel to say 'Thus saith the Lord, thou shalt surely drink.'" He said I was a liar. I said I had ten dollars that said I wasn't. He made no reply and went on his way rejoicing. There is not one of them in ten that knows what is in their holy Bible, nor do they see the dollars come their way. One of the holy liars—Methodist brand—had a short article in one of our local papers. Questions were asked him: "Is the Bible a sufficient foundation upon which to build a Christian faith and is it the word of God?" He said it was. I answered the question but the editor did not dare to print it. My answer was "Yes, it's not fit for anybody but Christians." He said Ingersoll wrote a little book 'Mistakes of Moses,' but if old Mose would come back and write the "Mistakes of Ingersoll" life would be too short to read it.

To this I said that neither he nor any other holy liar could point out any mistake in Ingersoll's writings and that one thing I did know was that Ingersoll was no thief, robber, murderer or polygamist, that Ingersoll had but one wife and that she was not an 'Ethiopian' either.

It is too bad how these charity-fed, whisky soaked, lazy, crazy long-haired thieves will jump onto a dead hero, though, when Ingersoll was alive there was not one of them that would dare to open his face in Ingersoll's hearing. It makes me hot to hear one of these Bible-backed villians say anything about Paine or Ingersoll.

O, man will you still be fooled with holy nonsense, from that book called the Holy Bible filled with all sorts of lies. Let me tell you that the earth and but in its place Higher Science, Blue Grass Blade and Pink Iconoclast.—GEORGE J. WHEELER.

St. Louis, Mo.—Enclosed $2—one for my subscription another year and one for Mr. Robert Sandy. I have read the article in the Blade of January 24, headed "Dr. Dabney," and I wish to say that I, in no way, wanted to infer that Mr. Sandy was aware of Dr. Ayres being an infidel, but I think most any one in Cincinnati does know it, as the papers were filled with it, shortly before I left. The speech Dr. Ayers made favoring Materialism was, if I remember, some where on Price Hill, and he, thereby, incurred the enmity of several preachers present and they set about to oust him as soon as they got five Christians on the Board of Directors of the University.—MAX HUEGEL.

Eldon, Mo.—Enclosed $2.15—one to help the Blade and balance for another copy of Dog Fennel. I am one of the first 500 subscribers to Dog Fennel that enabled you to make the trip. I received my book about the 20th of August and read it and was highly entertained. After reading it I exchanged with my sister-in-law for another book of travels, the author being a minister and distant relative of mine, who had spent five months in the Holy Land, Jerusalem being his headquarters. While the narrative of the same places and things visited is about the same, the inspiration, or spirit of the two writers is quite different. You write with a spirit of freedom while he writes with that enslaved spirit which always follows prejudice and fear.

My home is at my brothers. I was there Christmas and thought to get Dog Fennel and read it again, but my sister-in-law informed me that she could not let it go, as she had just finished reading it through and would not give it up until she had read it again; so I concluded I would get another one and have the pleasure of reading it again myself. I will send you the money for the cards you sent me. I receive my Blade regularly, every Saturday, and am always glad to see it, and laying all other literature aside after supper I give it a thorough perusal until bed time.

Wishing the Blade success and that it may be a source of such a living as its publisher deserves, I am, Respectfully—DAVID A. SHANKS.

ROME CONGRESS FUND

It is the desire that Dr. J. B. Wilson represent American Freethought at the World's Congress of Freethinkers to be held in Rome, Italy, next September. Dr. Wilson is president of the National Liberal Party and is eminently qualified to participate in the deliberations at the Congress. On his return from Rome the Doctor will write a book embracing his experience and proceedings of the Congress, and it is needless to speak of the Doctor's versatility and ability to write such a book.

The price of the book will be one dollar, and as the expense will be very heavy it is hoped that all who are able will subscribe for as many books as possible.

All money received is deposited in The Central Trust and Safe Deposit Company, of Cincinnati, and will be acknowledged through the Blade.

Contributions and subscriptions (with and without money) will be received by the Secretary of the National Liberal Party. Address:

MORRIS SACHS,
Atlas Bank Bldg., Cincinnati, O.

Condition of Fund.

Previously Acknowledged	$425 00
Amount in Bank	116 00

J. Wallace, Chicago, Ills., 1; P. Frommel, Charleston, Ill., 1; Thomas Ellis, Carlisle, Ark., 1 pd.

INFIDEL SOCIETY AT ST. LOUIS.

St. Louis, Mo., Jan. 26, 1904.

Editor Blue Grass Blade:

Dear Friends.—We have not yet been able to organize a club, but will have another meeting on February 14, (Sunday), at which time we hope to be able to organize a permanent club. There are two German organizations in the city; one of them owning their own club house, hence my desire to organize an English speaking club. If I succeed I will advise you. With best wishes, I am sincerely,

(MISS) L. WILEY.
4069 Page Boulevard.

Some free thinking people of this city are trying to organize an English speaking club of Liberals in St. Louis, and for that purpose will meet at my residence on Sunday, Feb. 14, at 2:30 p. m. We will be pleased to have all those interested attend.

(MISS) L. WILEY, Sec. Pro. Tem.
4069 Page Boulevard.

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Arr. Jackson	9:30 am	2:35 pm
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Utah,	Wyoming.

Tickets on sale the first and third Tuesdays o each month to April 19, 1904, inclusive, good returning 21 days from date of sale. Ask Ticket Agent for particulars or address G. E. Clarke, T. P. A., Lexington, Ky.